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HAND in HAND

and other Poems

By Samuel W Whitehall

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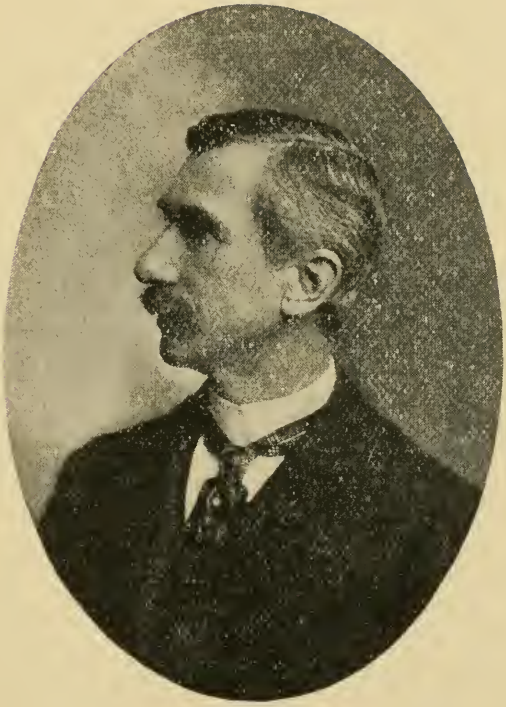

S. Whitehall

HAND IN HAND

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Hand in Hand

From March thru May,
We tripped the way;
In sun and passing showers,
Young hope was there,
To lighten care,
Contentment sped the hours.

With bashful grace
Love caught the pace
Passing friendship as in play
When hearts entwined
As lives resigned
Destiny has led the way.

We launched our boat,
To row or float,
Life's current bravely breasting;
And greet the gleam,
On wave and stream,
Well pleased with oar or resting.

On shore we land
At either hand,
Are daisies and the clover;
With fragrant things,
That summer brings,
The meadows painting over.

On landscapes rare.
The hazy air,
By nature's mystic veiling;
Subdues the light,
From skies o'er bright,
Where fleecy clouds are sailing,

The way thru life,
With pleasures rife,
Leads westward to the glowing;
Thru wood and glade,
In light and shade,
Life's autnmn hues are showing,

We gather sheaves,
Of tinted leaves,
As o'ft we have the flowers;
Hope, faith and love,
All join to prove,
Much yet left in life is ours,

For us hopes mould,
Fruits red and gold,
To ripen in September;
And faith shuts out,
All fear or doubt,
Of harvest 'ere December.

Fraternity

Who helps the most when least he can
A measure is for real man
Who has a place in life to fill
Vacated when his heart is still

The one that seeks the truth to know,
In time well spent will wiser grow;
And find there is a living worth
In all created things of earth.

Knowledge is the cure for all
The evils that to man may fall,
His efforts crowning with success
Mid lauding hosts of manliness.

Live not by vague illogic creeds,
Nature's kind hand holds all our needs;
And in her justice we will find,
A future hope for all mankind.

If mankind fully understood
Our real blood bound brotherhood,
One god of universal span
Would touch the heart of every man.

And joy with peace and confidence,
Walk hand in hand with common sense;
Completely free from selfishness,
We'd love man more and fear God less.

Life

The sweetest thing in life we know,
Is life itself with healthful glow;
And love for all created things,
That nestles neath time's brooding wings.

To bravely dare and constant do
Leads to useful life and true
Fulfilling natures great behest,
In noble character expressed,

Life's mostly what we think of it,
Our joys we deeply drink of it,
While wisdom hoards with frugal care,
The good that flows from everywhere.

The viciousness that harbors hate,
Is small of size and light of weight;
And winds thru life the ways of gloom,
Where sing no birds nor flowers bloom.

The selfishness that grasps for all
On reaching right is sure to fall
Forgotten ere this life is gone:
No grief its mantle falls upon,

Deep grounded in its heedless sin
Ingratitude to crime is kin
And envy with its lasting sting,
No peace or joy or love can bring.

Some good there is in every one;
Appealing vice neglecting none,
Leaves a choosing chance to all;
For prideful rise or shameful fall.

Then live to love, and love to live.
To thereby greater measure give
Of true happiness to others;
Knowing all as Sisters, Brothers.

Forgetting bad in others known,
Perhaps by trial better grown;
For thorns along the paths of strife,
May point the way to useful life.

Age may attain to grandest things
In humble tasks well done, and brings
Alike to all, both small and great,
Worthy lives to emulate.

Time

Time that our joy and sorrow brings,
With ripened hopes and shattered things,
Can never smooth the furrowed face,
Nor lend stiff joints a supple grace.

Take each one by the hand at birth,
Passing childhood's thoughtless mirth,
Through youth's bright dreamland far away;
To greet ambition's dawning day.

Where grander things than youth had known,
Across the skies as clouds are blown,
And joyous life's warm golden June,
With all creation seems atune.

While sweetly bloom the flowers of love,
Reflecting tinted skies above;
And perfect life is found at last,
As nature's broad'ning fields are past.

Here sturdy manhood takes the sway,
Requited loves directs the way;
Where knowledge, work and honor gain
The fruits of toil and conquered pain.

So on we plod, and moving on,
Look back with pride on things agone;
And doing still the best we can,
Are far beyond where we began.

Some coming on as others go
The tide of life will ever flow,
The waves that pass are much the same
As those that long before them came.

The morn's return besprent with dew,
The brooklet's ceaseless whisperings true,
Time's echoed voice along its way,
Bespeak eternal life and day.

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